Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XV. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 6, 1836. Whole No. 758.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Eliza.—The following beautiful verses were written by a gentleman of this city, in honor of the fair one whose name is attached to it. Its true spirit of tenderness and truth will, I am sure, commend it to the heart of every one.—Ed.

A SWISS DAY.

Sweet, lovely Eliza! and have the hours flown so fast,
And is the day so shaking the dew from their wings,
And have the cattle the village roads all gone,
To the rich pasture that lies without the town,
Where the sun, hardly risen, is all the fairer shine,
And the lowing cattle are cool, lonely, and fine.

Morning, rich morning! The singer is not one,
Who has not left his bed and the heart and the sheet
Of the mountain, the rose-bush's lowest spray,
Where the purple grapes spreads low wings for a sweet,
And the morning's fresh lungs for the shower and the
breeze.

Yet, lovely eye! and above the bonded world,
Like a maiden's red cheek over her hot and sighing
The east we, whose pictures of crimson unfurled,
Are the signs of the coming of the sun's golden hair,
And the planet's eye looks on mountain and lake,
Like the eye of a maiden awaiting her lover's step,
Till then may we lie and in rosy forbear,
And the heat of our parting be calm as to-morrow!

VAPID.

From the Token for 1836!

CONSTANCE ALLERTON.

A Story of Domestic Life—By Miss Leslie.

But I have that within which passeth show.—Shakspeare.

Mr. Allerton and his family had resided in Boston for more than forty years in considerable affluence, when a reverse of fortune befell him. He had indeed the fairest of a house for which he had endeavored to keep down the rent, but the times were hard, and he could not raise money enough to his creditors; and this he did before he had a single dollar left for himself. He was now in his sixty-second year, and in the decline of his powers, and his constitution was by no means strong. He had been a man of the times did not influence any large of mercantile business, which he had carried on with much success. Economical, capital, and gladly retained himself of a large share of the profits, which he invested in bank and fire stock. Indeed, would have been nearly independent, had he not, in the days of his prosperity, indulged his taste for splendor, by establishing his house-keeping on a scale of expense which he could not afterwards support. He and his children were well known in a remote part of the city, as the owners of one of the largest and most splendid houses in it. But now it was painfully evident to the community itself, not less to the rest of the parties from his former friends, that the days of his prosperity were gone by, and that he must retire to some humbler dwelling, and live upon the small remnant of his property that had escaped the general wreck.

After the first shock of her sad, Miss Allerton took indignantly to private business as New Brethren, but on hearing that her father was about to remove to a small house in a remote part of the city, she declared that she would not be left behind. Her mother, who had been for the last few years in a declining state, was unable to oppose her daughter's wishes, although she had a presentiment that the change would be fatal to her. Now Constance had come of age, and was entitled to a share of her mother's property. Such, however, was the delicacy of her feelings, that she would not receive the money, but left it to her father, who, she knew, was in need of it.

"I am very strange," said Mrs. Allerton. "Eleanor and Maud [Constance], and Miss Bladen," but how you are reconciled to the change, I cannot imagine. I am sure I shall never be."

"Prepare for his memory," exclaimed Constance, laughing through her tears. "Yes! I am not insensible to the pleasures of a large and handsome house. But I want to see what I would rather have a small one, and to be independent of my father, and to be able to assist him in his troubles or comfort. But he is now in a kind mood, and I will not lose the opportunity of talking to him on it; and how every thing that concerns the economy of our future life must be arranged by himself."

"I shall wear no countering," rep and Constance with a smile.

"And wear mourning," exclaimed Mrs. Bladen.—"Why, my dear Constance, you are not serious? Surely you would not wear mourning for your father?"

"I have considered it well," resumed Miss Allerton.—"I am sure that I shall be happier in a small house than in a large one. In short, to wear no mourning, even for my father, would be a sin against my own feelings and conscience."

"This is very strange," said Mrs. Allerton. "Eleanor never wore mourning," said Mrs. Bladen, "but how you can reconcile it to your conscience, I cannot see

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 6, 1836.

Love or Warfare—or, in Latin prose: by Francis Glass, A. M. of Ohio. Edited by J. N. Reynolds. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The above work, from name alone or other—we acquire no oversight of the publishers—did not reach us until within a few days; and we embrace the earliest opportunity of recording our opinion of its merits. This, however, is almost an unnecessary task, since it has not only been extensively read by all the leading newspapers and reviews throughout the country—but also recommended to public attention by many distinguished scholars, among whom are to be found Professor Anthon, of Columbia College, New York, and Professor Wylie of the Pennsylvania University—this opinion, unbiassed.

American literature, it might be remarked, has long been a theme for the sneers of Transatlantic critics—and no one who is at all conversant with the English Reviews, can have forgotten the insolent assertion contained in the Quarterly, that contemporary notice before we could become sufficiently indoctrinated in classical literature, to produce even a tolerable specimen of Latin composition. That assertion was made also to have been verified by numerous subsequent travellers, such as the Halls and Hamiltons, Trollopes and Fidlers, who have visited this country. In fact, although we are tolerably well skilled in the art of constructing a road or rail-way, yet we are utterly wanting in every thing, that relates to classical taste. But it was mysteriously reserved for a son of the wilderness—the tomahawk of a wretched hovel in the midst of Ohio—a lonely and unlearned settler, who had had withdrawn himself from the world and its intercourse, to disperse those malignant aspersions, and prepare a work in Classical Literature, which should challenge the admiration of the scholar and sage, the philosopher and historian. That man, we need not say, was Francis Glass, who, like the great architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, needs no other monument than that of his works.

The preface to the Life of Washington, from the pen of the Editor, J. N. Reynolds, A. M. is replete with interest. All details, in a new and unaffected style, the circumstances which induced Lon to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Glass: he also gives a brief sketch of his last peculiar habits, and concludes with an account of the pleasing and execution of the "Vox Washingtonea." We make no apology for introducing the very interesting extracts which compose the philosophic character of the editor no less than the erudition and amiability of the unfortunate Glass.

It is a duty we owe to society, to preserve every memorial of Hellenism in connection with those that threw in our way, and, more particularly so, those productions which reflect honor on our native genius. The literature of a nation is not to be built on like a modern edifice, with materials which are true and trusty" cornerstone, conveying the memorables of an age; but must have accident and design, small things as well as great, in its foundation.

The following paper

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Rake, T. Bache, Auctioneer, 118 Chestnut Street, between Second and Third.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 5, 1836.

ASHINGTON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS C. ATKINSON.

Saturday, February 6, 1836.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"Algerine" in the Weekly Post No. 7 shall take a place in our next.

We have received the Signus referred to by "Charles," have been mailed. Several communications have been received, which shall receive due attention.

We are informed that the Post-master at Mechanicsburg (Ohio), has extented from our subscribers letter postage, on bills forwarded with the paper. We are authorized by an act of Congress, to forward bills with the publication, and no more than 1 cent can be charged on this for the greatest distance. We shall appeal to the post master general, against this breach of privilege—and, at the same time, recommend the sufferers to hand the offender over to the next magistrate.

The letter of our friend at Washington came to us in time—to be too late—for this week's paper. We commend his mailing his letters a little earlier in future.

We are requested to call the attention of the subscribers to the capital stock of the Canal Steam Transportation Company, to a notice in the paper of Sedalia.

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

We have been requested to state, that the splendid panorama of the Conflagration of Moscow, which has been exhibited in this city with such success at the American Museum, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets. Those, therefore, who have not already visited that exhibition, have now another opportunity. There is also, among other curiosities at the Museum, a fine collection of wax figures, the work of the late M'Crea, by a party of Indians, near Fort Edward, during the last century, the history of which We doubt familiar to many.

DEATH OF JAMES TRIMBLE.—We learn from the Harrisburg Intelligencer, that this gentleman, aged and venerable man died a short time since in consequence of a fall upon the pavement of York and Queen streets. He had obtained through life, the reputation of an honest and valuable citizen, and has held the offices of clerk and a member of the Legislature SIXTEEN years. He was in the office before Pennsylvania was a Commonwealth; and while he had a long and faithful memory for the interest of his party, he has held his office under every administration." He was aged 81 years.

Also, in Harrisburg, on the 30th, the Hon. JOHN GLOSBRENER, of Lebanon, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was a soldier in the revolution, continued in the military service during the battle at Staten Island, in the battle at Trenton; and also in the campaign against the Indians in the North western part of the State. He was a member of the Convention that framed the present Constitution of Pennsylvania—afterwards he was a member of the State Legislature and of the Senate of Congress, and an Associate Judge for forty years.

TEXAS.

The New Orleans Advertiser says, "Volunteers are pouring into Texas from all quarters. Not a day passes without numerous arrivals at that Territory, not excepting Michigan. The fact speaks volumes in its favor—of the men who go there, but few return; and they bring back a spirit and a firmness worthy the citizens of the U. S.,—and almost to a man they describe the country as one of the most desirable in the world. Its climate, soil, and healthiness, being most to make fortunes. They there with its growth, and strengthen with its prosperity."

We have no doubt that Texas is all that has been described; but we would counsel the citizens of the United States not to be too easily dazzled by the prospects which are held out to them—not to risk their lives and fortunes in a land rendering so many gallant sacrifices, without weighing the consequences. The prize of liberty to the Texians, would be well worth the struggle, if, on the contrary, we fear, will be a fruitful one, although the enemy is at present routed, and driven from the strong holds of Bexar, they have not conquered peace. Mexico will probably receive new accessions from her foreign power; and if so, they will renew the struggle with increased barbarity—they will push triumphantly through the territories of infant country, (unless it should be strength-ening itself in the contest),

From the Comic Almanac for 1836.

BOMIANA.

I hate the very name of bear;
It fills me full of fears;
In sounds one of the worst I've felt,
Since I was young in years.

They sent me to a Yorkshire school,
Where I had many knocks;
For there the school dame beat my ears,
Because I could'nt box.

I pack'd my bag; I pack'd the locks:
And no sway to see:
And very soon I knew to bear
The common merely.

I came adown by railway's coach,
And mounted on the box;
The coach mann upset a rose,
And gave me dreadful knocks.

I soon got well, in love I fell
And crossed Wards Cut;
To please her wish, at last I live Bish Hill,
I took a country bar.

I had a pretty garden there,
All hazlenuts round with bear;
But oh, alas! there in'd next door,
A certain Capt. Knox.

He took my wife to see the play:
They had a private box;
I jealous grew, and from that day,
I hated Captain Knox.

I sold my house, to get my wife;
And went to Lawyer Fox,
Who tempted me to seek redress
All from a jury box.

I went to law, whose greedy maw
Soon emptied my strong box;
I lost my suit, and sued for bail,
All though that crafty Fox.

The name of bear, I, therefore dread,
For bad as many sharks;
They'll cost me in a bar.

Dr Vernon has a rival as present in England in one respect. At a great feast in East Sussex, a short time ago, the Hon. Mr. Ashburnham, who is distinguished for his respect for Lewis's ruling," was in the chair, and "being in at the death, was presented with the brush."

Men who do not mean what they Say.—Men do not always say what they mean. There is a very good character in "Will Watch," in novel; of an old sea mate, who invariably ends his assertions with a flat contradiction of them, as "I assure you he is a clever fellow—that is—when I say clever fellow, I mean nothing of the sort; but you comprehend."

GRAMMAR.—Among several instances of those who go out of the world reciting verses with their watering breath, D'Israeli relates the curious dying request of Pere Bouhours, a French grammarian, who, in his last moments, exclaimed, "Je meu, ou je meu mourir; *Jon ne l'entre ne dit!* which may be translated, "I die, or I am dying; both modes are allowable."

IRISH BULL.—The Great Agitator's autograph, it will be readily supposed, is in great request. One gentleman had been more than usually importunate in urging the usual demand—"just a few lines, and your name."—"Oh! really I've none now, and he sent the following refusal: "Sir, I am so tormented by applications for my autograph, that I make a rule never to give one.—Yours, &c. Daniel O'Connell."

ANECDOTE.—An elderly man, rather shabby dressed, met an individual in Chesnut street a day or two since, and holding before him the supernatural of a letter, said, "Can you tell me where I will find Mr.—What is he?" asked the person interrogated. The other recovered himself, replied, "oh, he's nothing—he's a gentleman!"

VERY NICE.—The captain beckoned to us the other day across the street—and there was such a mysterious look on his face that we knew he had something new to tell us. The scamp had not reached the sidewalk, before he threw back his head and for two minutes indulged in a soundless laugh. Then he gave it a nod, and he threw his rusty broad brim a little back—had his finger on his nose—sought us by the button, and then began. "Upon my word I've something now, first rate, and true too—and it often now-a-days that you can double these together. It's a specimen of economics. There's an old woman in the town of Hoboken whose house caught fire lately, and when the neighbors ran up to help her, the old lady stood in the gate right before the door and screamed, "No, no, them stairs take you here weakened—I cleaned them with my own hands, and I want a gum to have you ruinate up and down with your great clumsy boots—I don't, sir, let I've scrubbed them myself." So there she stood and swept with the broom, and on a hint from the male people came low to it, and carried it pretty much all off. Well, well, said the woman, I don't know—I know there's a house in Massachusetts could burn down sooner than that, for I scrubbed it with my own hands—and that's some consolation."—*Bos. Gatherg.*

A New Dictionary.—That is a book which becomes every new day necessary, to catch the progress of a language. The following is offered as a specimen of what is now wanted in the country:—

MONEY.—A fact peculiarly difficult to catch.

THE GOOSE.—An ugly thing on the ground, which looses and pecks wish they were in but take uncommon pains to keep out.

A young Man of Talent.—An experiment accordind to the theories himself invented, and laid by a favorite poetry; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow, a speech maker.

WATCHMAN.—A man employed by the parish to sleep in the night.

HONESTY.—An excellent joke.

DENTIST.—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

FAIRY.—The shadow of hope.

RURAL FELICITY.—Potatoes and Turnips.

PUBLISHED AND EDITED.—Not the same thing. A literary work; the former showing what it ought to be, the latter what it is.

TUESDAY.—Eating meat with a silver fork, though you have not paid the butcher.

UNBIASED OPINIONS.—An opinion, the selfishness of which is concealed from the world.

THE most Intelligent Child that was ever seen.—Every man's own child.

THE Most.—An article worn in winter by high-spirited young ladies, who could rather die than conceal the beauty of their feet.

WISDOM BOX.—In a court of justice, a kind of jobbery, where a counsellor is employed to extract every species of verbal insult without being able to resent it.

COLERIDGE AND LAMB.—Coleridge was one evening reading both a the Rev. Mr. Hall, when some one rang from Messrs Gillman's. At last he came in his own design at 10 o'clock, and was musing on, to the best knave to the host. "At the peace, to Shrewsbury, which is not unfavorable for an enlightened view, and for having been the point of rendezvous of Falstaff's regiment of foot; but when, I found it necessary to speak of it, for the first development of the imaginative faculty in man, by which fancy I would be understood to mean, &c. &c.—and Shrewsbury I was encountered to proceed further, I had no Lamb, but you have heard me preach!" pursued he, turning round to his benighted friend, who rapidly seconded—"I—I—never heard you do any thing else."

FEATS OF INDIAN JUGGLERS.—One of the men, taking a large shallow vessel, with a capacious mouth, filled it with water, and turned it upside down, when all the water flowed out; but on replacing it, was covered with the mouth upwards in a manyelement full. He then emptied it, allowing any one to inspect it who chose. This being done, he directed that one of the party would fill it from his mouth—which, which, when he inverted the jar, not a drop flowed—and upon turning it, to our astonishment it was filled to the top. I examined the jar carefully when empty, but discovered nothing which could lead to a solution of the mystery. I was allowed to retain and fill it myself, which, taking it all, all was void when only for the ground about it was perfectly dry, so that how the water had disappeared, and where it had been conveyed, was a problem which none of us was able to expound. I found myself completely at a nonplus, and on this occasion was the common exclamation of the country, very much applicable to the present case, viz. that it had not been especially constructed for the purpose of aiding the conjurer's art, as he ought not to be broken in our presence; the juggleers were then handed round for our inspection, which I agree and the party present with him. * * * The next thing they exhibited was a tree of about two feet in height, altogether astonishing. A woman, the inner part of whose dress was of red cloth, tied a cord round her head, or our notice, and taking a bamboo twenty feet high, placed it upright on the fore of her head, and then, without any support, climbed to the top of it with ease, joining arms and legs round the bamboo, and resting one leg on the point of the bamboo, balancing it so the whole. Before her arose one bud a girdle, to which was fixed an iron socket, one bud a girdle, to which was fixed an iron socket, one bud a girdle, to which was fixed an iron socket,